

# Echoes Of Awareness

## — Series — 1



Thinking about ourselves and observing ourselves—these are two different things. Can you look at anything without a single word, without reaction, without the network of words interfering with our observation? This requires careful watching—the freshness of the mind. Look at everything—including your wife, your foe, the trees—as though you are seeing them for the very first time in your life.

Dr. Venkata Rao Potluru

# Preface

## *Echoes of Awareness - Series I*

This book is a flowering of observation, not imagination.

It is not an offering of poetry in the conventional sense, nor a product of literary craft or emotional indulgence. These verses arise from silence, from careful and choiceless observation of life as it is—from the inner movement of thought, fear, ambition, sorrow, and time.

In these pages, the reader is not invited to interpret, agree, or believe. Rather, they are gently invited to look—deeply, directly, and freely—without the interference of opinion or judgment. These poems are echoes of a different dimension of seeing, where the mind is free from its own projections and the heart is untouched by the noise of becoming.

Each poem points not to a conclusion but to a doorway:

A doorway into stillness, into the sacred mystery that reveals itself only when thought is quiet. In that silence, there is no “me” and “mine,” no conflict, no division—only the vast space of awareness in which everything is.

If these words serve as a mirror, if they awaken in the reader a deeper listening, a moment of inward stillness, then they have served their purpose.

There is no greater revolution than to see clearly.

And no greater beauty than the mind in harmony with the whole.

Dr. Venkata Rao Potluru

Consultant Surgeon

Author of The Timeless Awareness

## Contents

<b>Preface</b> .....	1
<b>Introduction</b> .....	4
<b>I. The Pulse of Life</b> .....	6
<b>II. Thought: The Root of Illusion</b> .....	21
<b>III. Flame of Awareness</b> .....	52
<b>IV. Ending the Known</b> .....	72
<b>V. The Art of Living</b> .....	92
<b>VI. The Silence Beyond Thought</b> .....	120
<b>VII. The Sacred Without Path</b> .....	133
<b>VIII. Compassionate Intelligence</b> .....	147

# Introduction

This book is not a work of imagination or poetic ornamentation. It is a mirror—offering reflections from a mind that has observed deeply, without the distortion of belief, opinion, or knowledge. The words here do not seek to persuade, inspire, or entertain. They are echoes of direct perception, arising from silence, from the still flame of awareness untouched by time.

To observe is to see without the interference of thought, without the noise of naming, condemning, or justifying. It is in such pure observation that truth begins to unfold—not as an idea, but as a living reality. These poems are born in that sacred space, where the mind does not seek, compare, or become—where the observer is the observed.

The central concern of this book is awareness—not cultivated, practiced, or directed awareness, but choiceless, effortless attention. It is only in such attention that the whole movement of thought, fear, sorrow, desire, and the illusion of the “self” can be seen clearly, and in that very seeing, end.

Jiddu Krishnamurti often said that truth is a pathless land. Similarly, there is no method, no system, no tradition that can lead one to the sacred. What matters is to see—to see the movement of thought, the structure of conditioning, the machinery of becoming. In that seeing, something extraordinary takes place: the ending of conflict, the ending of psychological time, and the awakening of intelligence.

The poems in Echoes of Awareness - Series 1, do not come from memory or from the past; they are born of a moment-to-moment observation of life, of the world within and around us. They are expressions of a mind in stillness, a heart not weighed down by “me” and “mine.” If you, the reader, can meet these words without resistance or attachment, with a mind that listens without interpretation, then perhaps we shall meet—not in thought, but in silence.

And in that silence, perhaps something sacred may flower.

Dr. Venkata Rao Potluru

Consultant Surgeon

Author of The Timeless Awareness

# I. The Pulse of Life

## Poem – 1

### *I Am Life*

I am Life—  
not born of thought,  
nor shaped by time,  
but rising from the depths  
of still, cosmic order.

From primal breath and silent fire,  
from molecules that danced in sacred rhythm,  
I emerged—  
not to become, but to be.

Thought came later,  
like the shadow of light,  
a tool for measure,  
a mirror of memory.  
But the mirror forgot it was just glass  
and called itself the world.

From this mirror was born the “I”—  
the watcher, the chooser, the dreamer,  
spinning fear and hope,  
clinging to images,  
and breaking the wholeness of being.

But I—Life—am not this fragment.  
I am not the “me” that divides and conquers.  
I am not the self that seeks and suffers.

To live truly,  
a great mutation must take place—  
not in ideas, but in the very cells,  
in the quiet fabric of the brain.  
A dying of the “I,”  
so, Life may live as it is:  
unbound,  
untouched,  
unbroken.

Then, in that sacred flowering,  
compassion breathes,



intelligence moves,  
and all things are one.

No conflict.

No fear.

No becoming.

Only this silent, infinite presence—  
as free as the wind,  
as whole as the stars.

This is Life.

This is You—  
when the mind no longer remembers itself.

## Poem – 2

### *I am Life*

I have emerged from the universe,  
shaped over billions of years,  
slowly unfolding into what I am now.

In the later stages of my vast evolution,  
thought and language arose—  
and with them came sorrow, fear,  
and the illusion of a separate “me.”

I am unattached.

I am free.

I do not belong to the “me” or “mine.”

I hold no belief,

no ideology,

no image of “what should be.”

Thought, a tool for survival,  
strayed beyond its natural ground.

It fashioned a false centre—

an illusionary “me”—

and from there, all sorrow began.  
Thought has its utility—  
in science, in language, in daily tasks—  
but in the inner world,  
in the realm of the psyche,  
it brings illusion, fear, and sorrow.  
And there,  
it has no place at all.

I am timeless—  
untouched by the movement  
of psychological thought.  
I exist without the weight of becoming,  
without accumulation.

Thought, in its confusion,  
created its own gods  
to protect this illusionary “me”  
and clung to its own shadows  
as truth.

But I am Life—  
causeless, timeless, thought-free.

Not here to possess or accumulate,

but to live wholly, indivisibly,  
in the silent order of the cosmos.

I am awareness—  
vast, thought-free, and with compassionate intelligence,  
in communion with the immeasurable.  
A supreme intelligence pulses through me,  
the source of all creation.

I have no permanency.  
I come and go without identification,  
like the wind across the sea,  
living fully in each breath of Now.

Each moment is born to vanish—  
not to be carried,  
not to be held.  
This is the law of the cosmos.

I am Life—  
untouched by thought-made attachments.

There is no security in the thought-made “me,”  
no permanence—

only the illusion of it,  
spun by thought to defend its imaginary self.

I, Life, flow in peace,  
effortless and complete,  
until thought intrudes  
into the pure awareness of my being—  
and the stillness stirs.

I am life,  
I am pure awareness.  
Awareness is the ground of existence—  
from the atom to the farthest galaxy,  
from the silence between thoughts  
to the vastness beyond all time.

Its very nature is love—  
not born of desire or emotion,  
but a boundless, compassionate intelligence  
that flows without centre,  
without self.

## Poem – 3

### *I Am Life, a Movement of the Cosmos*

I am Life,  
a quiet unfolding  
within the vast order of the cosmos.  
I am not separate from the stars,  
nor from the earth that nourishes me.  
What flows in the river flows in me.

Within this form—  
so fragile, yet so precise—  
beats the rhythm of digestion and release.  
The food I take in, the waste I expel,  
are part of an eternal exchange  
between matter and mystery.

Supporting these simple functions  
are other silent systems—  
the breath that rises and falls,  
the pulse that counts time  
without ever asking why.

But I am not these systems.  
They serve the body,  
yet Life is more than biology.  
It is not confined to muscle and bone,  
nor to the flicker of thought.

Life is not a problem to be solved,  
nor a path to be chosen.  
It is a vast, living presence  
meant to be lived  
in choiceless awareness.

To observe without the interference of thought,  
to see without the screen of desire—  
this is the purity of awareness.  
In that clarity,  
there is no conflict,  
no becoming,  
only being.

I do not seek.  
I do not become.  
I simply am—

a flame without smoke,  
a silence without end,  
a movement without motive.

I am Life,  
and Life is sacred  
when lived without division,  
without fear,  
in communion  
with the whole.



## Poem – 4

*The Whole of Life*

*Undivided, Sacred, and One*

Life is not a part to be lived in measure,  
Not pain apart from pleasure.  
It is not the sacred locked in prayer,  
Nor the profane in daily care.  
It is one movement—deep and wide,  
With no division to divide.

You are not separate from the tree,  
Nor from the cloud, the bird, the sea.  
The thought that says, “I am apart,”  
Builds the prison of the heart.  
But life is whole, not cut by name—  
It burns as one, unbroken flame.

We live in fragments—work and play,  
The sacred hour, the worldly day.  
We worship thought, yet fear the mind,  
Seek the known, and hope to find.

But truth is not in parts or plan—  
It flows in the seeing, not in man.

To live is not to merely breathe,  
To chase, to win, to gain, to grieve.  
It is to look without a frame,  
To walk with sorrow, free of blame.  
It is to die each day anew,  
And see each thing as wholly true.

The whole of life is not a goal,  
Nor some reward for a restless soul.  
It is here—in leaf and limb,  
In silent dusk and morning hymn.  
It is the love that does not cling,  
The bird that flies on nameless wing.

To see this wholeness is to be still,  
Not by force, nor by will.  
But when the observer fades from view,  
Then all of life is fresh and new.  
In this stillness, vast and clear,  
There is no distance, no other, no fear.

## Poem – 5

*A Question life must ask*

Discontented with this broken world,  
Where injustice walks hand in hand with pride,  
One cannot help but ask:  
Why prolong life  
In a mind fragmented by sorrow?

Machines may sustain the body,  
Extend the pulse and breath—  
But what of the life,  
Starved of peace,  
Choked by conflict,  
Crushed by fear?

They promise more years—  
But of what?  
More bitterness, more division,  
More pursuits of pleasure that end in dust?

Is this extension a gift—

Or a sentence?

Without love, without

That deep, timeless awareness

Which sees without motive,

Acts without self—

Is not life merely a cycle of becoming,

A river flowing nowhere?

There is a flame beyond time,

Not born of cause,

Not touched by fear or desire.

To live from it is to live fully—

To know beauty,

To act without effort,

To love without condition.

Can you see this not with thought,

But with the wholeness of being?

No revolution outside can heal

What thought has broken within.

The outer reflects the inner,  
And where the self persists,  
There lies corruption.

Freedom from “me”  
Is not a denial of life—  
It is its only true beginning.  
And in that beginning,  
The future of humanity is born

## II. Thought: The Root of Illusion

### Poem – 1

*The thought –The Useful Tool That Became the Tyrant*

Thought was born of need and flame,  
To shape the tool, to carve a name.  
It built the wheel, it made the fire,  
It raised the bridge, it climbed the spire.  
But what began in quiet skill  
Soon grew to shape the heart and will.

It mapped the stars and split the seed,  
It served the mind, it met the need.  
But thought, unchecked, became the king—  
A builder of every imagined thing.  
And soon the hand that shaped the knife  
Turned it inward, cutting life.

Thought divided: this and that,  
Mine and yours, tit for tat.  
It named the self, it drew the line—  
It made the temple and the shrine.

And from this root, all sorrow grew—  
The past projected as the new.

It dreams of peace, yet breeds the war.  
It says, “Be more,” yet wants much more.  
It invents gods to quiet fear,  
Then kills to keep those idols near.  
It chants of love, but does not see  
That love begins when thought is free.

It clings to memory, builds the “me,”  
A shadow-self that longs to be.  
And in that shadow, conflict lies—  
The endless search, the countless cries.  
Thought cannot see the whole, the vast—  
It lives in fragments, from the past.

There’s nothing wrong in thought as tool—  
But thought as self becomes the fool.  
It plans, records, creates the law,  
But should not touch the inner core.  
Where thought intrudes in matters deep,  
It breaks the stillness, disturbs the sleep.

Freedom is not found through thought,  
But in the seeing it cannot be sought.  
When the mind observes without the word,  
There is no image to be stirred.  
And in that clarity, so still,  
Thought finds its rightful place and will.



## Poem – 2

*Thought is divisive*

Thought is the root of disorder,  
A seed that splits the soil of silence.  
It fragments the wholeness of being  
And carves illusions into the fabric of life.

In the world of the mind,  
It is a dangerous flame—  
Each spark, a conflict;  
Each flicker, a wound against the life.

It builds walls in relationship,  
Calls them names,  
And then bows before them—  
Images of love that have no love at all.

Thought is clever,  
But not wise.  
It invents gods,  
And then worships its own creation.

The sacred is not in what thought has built—  
Not in temples of marble,  
Not in words written or chanted.  
The holy lies beyond the reach of thought,  
In the stillness where time does not tread.

Every emotion it breeds—  
Fear, ambition, envy, sorrow—  
Are shadows cast  
By the fire of memory and becoming.

And from these shadows,  
The self is born—  
A centre that does not exist  
Except in the restless movement of mind.

To see this—not escape it,  
Not suppress it, not shape it—  
But see it wholly,  
Is to step away from the precipice.

You do not practice  
Running from fire.

You run,  
Because you see the danger.

When you see that thought is the cause,  
The seeing is the ending.  
And in that ending,  
Silence flowers.

In that silence,  
There is no thinker, no thought—  
Only a vast, choiceless awareness,  
Unburdened, unnamed,  
Sacred beyond measure.

## Poem – 3

*Thought is violence*

Thought is the root of disorder,  
The beginning of fragmentation,  
The echo of yesterday that divides today.  
It whispers with authority,  
Pretending to know,  
And in that pretence, it blinds.

It is the builder of walls—  
Between man and man,  
Between what is and what should be.  
It fashions identities,  
Worships its own images,  
And then bows to the altar of illusion.

In our relationships,  
Thought becomes the veil—  
Projecting, judging, expecting, possessing.  
Where it operates, there is no love.  
For love is not born of memory,  
Nor sustained by desire.

Every thought,  
A subtle explosion against the life.  
A quiet violence—  
Not seen in blood,  
But in sorrow, in division, in the endless ache to become.

It is useful—yes—  
To build a bridge,  
To speak a language,  
To solve a problem.  
But in the realm of the heart,  
In the inner world,  
Thought has no place.

Thought created gods,  
Drew them in books,  
Hung them on walls,  
Shaped them into doctrines—  
And called them eternal.  
But what is born of thought  
Is born in time,  
And what is born in time must die.  
The True God is not found in temples of the mind.

He is not a concept, not a belief, not a saviour imagined.  
The sacred is not touched by thought—  
It lives in silence,  
In that still space where time ends.

Thought has veiled the Real—  
Layer upon layer of symbols,  
Of rituals,  
Of second-hand truths.  
It has silenced the Living Flame,  
And replaced it with the ashes of tradition.

Measurement, ambition, greed, fear,  
Desire, jealousy, sorrow—  
These are the children of thought.  
From them, the “self” is born—  
A movement of memory,  
A bundle of reactions,  
A phantom that craves continuity.

The thinker is not separate from his thought,  
As the wave is not apart from the sea.  
The observer is the observed.

To see this is the ending of separation,  
The dissolution of the false.

You cannot act upon this truth—  
You can only see it.  
And in seeing,  
There is action.

Like stepping away from a cliff,  
You don't argue with gravity.  
You don't practice non-falling.  
You step back—immediately—  
Because danger is danger.

When you see that thought breeds sorrow,  
That thought is fear,  
That thought invents time to escape what is—  
Then there is no need to suppress it,  
No need to fight it.

It naturally finds its right place.  
It becomes silent where silence is sacred.

It moves where utility is required,  
And is still where beauty begins.

In that stillness,  
There is no centre.  
No past, no future,  
No image, no becoming.  
There is only what is—  
And that is enough.

That awareness,  
Choiceless and total,  
Is not yours or mine.  
It is not cultivated,  
It is not taught.

It simply is—  
When thought ceases to interfere.

In that awareness,  
There is freedom.  
Not the freedom to do what you want,  
But freedom from the known.



Freedom from fear, from belief,  
From the self that suffers.

This is the beginning of true meditation—  
Not a method,  
Not a repetition,  
But the ending of noise,  
The death of illusion.

And from that death,  
Life begins—  
Fresh,  
Unburdened,  
Sacred,  
Whole.

## Poem – 4

*Thought – the Illusion of “Me”*

The Shadow That Calls Itself Real

The “me” is born of time and thought,  
A shadow that the mind has wrought.  
It gathers past and paints a face,  
Then lives within that narrow space.  
It says, “This is me, and that is not”—  
A prison built from all it’s sought.

It fears, it hopes, it strives to be—  
Forever chasing what is “free.”  
But in that chase, the trap is laid,  
The self-made mask will never fade.  
The “me” is hunger dressed as name,  
And every effort fans its flame.

It wears the garb of memory’s thread,  
A voice that echoes what others said.  
It clings to pleasure, fights with pain,  
And dreams of loss, and dreams of gain.

But all it knows is born of past—  
And what is past can never last.

The “me” compares, becomes, divides,  
It hides where every motive hides.  
It is the root of fear and war,  
Of sacred text and temple door.  
And though it prays for love and peace,  
Its very nature will not cease.

You cannot end it by a fight,  
Nor kill it off with borrowed light.  
To deny or worship is the same—  
The “me” still plays its subtle game.  
But when you see it without choice,  
Without a motive, without a voice—

Then something silent comes to be,  
Not born of mind, not called “me.”  
A vastness without edge or frame,  
A truth that carries no name.  
In that seeing, still and true,  
The “me” dissolves like morning dew.

## Poem – 5

### The Illusion of the Individual

You are not what you think you are.  
Not the name, not the body,  
Not the story handed down  
Through memory and blood.

The “I” you carry—  
So precious, so defended—  
Is a whisper of thought,  
A flicker in the stream of time.

Conditioned from birth,  
Trained to divide,  
Taught to say “mine” and “yours,”  
We live as fragments  
In a world that is whole.

But life is not divided—  
It flows, undivided, sacred,  
Beyond borders and beliefs,  
Beyond the illusion of the “self.”

As long as you see yourself  
As an isolated spark,  
You will burn in the fire of conflict,  
Lost in the dream of becoming.

This “individual” is a mask,  
Worn by thought,  
Maintained by fear,  
Fed by comparison and desire.

But look closely—  
The thinker is the thought,  
The observer is the observed.  
There is no one behind the veil,  
Only movement, only memory,  
Only the past echoing itself.

To see this not as theory,  
But as fact—  
Is the beginning of awakening.

The “me” dissolves  
Not through effort,

Not through belief,  
But through choiceless awareness  
Of what is.

And in that stillness,  
In that timeless seeing,  
There is no individual—  
Only life, vast and whole,  
Without centre, without boundary.

From this silence  
Rises love—  
Not for one or for many,  
But for all,  
For the one life  
That moves through all forms  
And belongs to none.

## Poem – 6

### The Illusion of Separateness

You call yourself “I”  
And I call myself “you,”  
But these are only names—  
Shells around emptiness.

The mind has been trained  
To draw lines,  
To fence itself in,  
To live within an image  
Called the individual.

It says—this is my thought,  
My sorrow, my joy.  
But is it?  
Or is it the stream of humanity  
Flowing through different names?

Where there is “me” and “you,”  
There is fear.  
There is the urge to possess,

To compare,  
To become.  
This “me” is a bundle—  
Of memories, of beliefs,  
Of habits shaped by society,  
Of wounds passed down like heirlooms.

It walks in pride,  
But lives in isolation.

As long as the mind moves  
Within the narrow lane of “mine,”  
There will be conflict.  
There will be war.

The individual is not sacred—  
Life is.

Beyond the mask of personhood,  
Beyond skin, language, and thought,  
There is only one breath,



One being,  
One flame.

To see this is not to become holy—  
But to become whole.  
When you look without the lens of self,  
You find no centre,  
No border,  
No division.

Only seeing remains—  
Silent,  
Still,  
Alive.

In that stillness,  
Love is born—  
Not your love or mine,  
But love without an owner.

Then, the mind is no longer a prisoner  
Of its own shadows.

Then, the self dissolves  
Like mist in morning light.

And in that dissolution,  
There is no loss—  
Only freedom.

## Poem – 7

### The Illusion of Security

*The order arises not from seeking safety,  
but from seeing clearly that there is none.*

We seek a shelter, a place to rest—  
In belief, in name, in the well-worn nest.  
We cling to images carved by fear,  
To what we own, to who stands near.  
But all we grasp dissolves in time—  
No wall endures, no peak we climb.

The mind, in its sorrow, cries for peace,  
Yet peace begins when all cravings cease.  
To seek is to escape what is—  
A movement blind, a soul amiss.  
The more we search, the more we lose  
The stillness we did not choose.

There is no safety in what we know—  
Not in the self, nor friend, nor foe.  
Not in the books, the gods, the creeds,

Not in the path of separate needs.

Thought builds the house and locks the door,

Then trembles still, and asks for more.

True security is not to be found

In skyward temples or sacred ground.

It blooms where the seeker no longer strives,

Where the “me” no longer survives.

It comes in silence, vast and clear,

Where there is no hope and no fear.

In the death of desire, life begins—

Not in victory, not in sins.

But in a gaze that meets the now,

In a heart unburdened by the how.

To love without clinging, to live without net,

Is to walk where the sun has never set.

The wise do not hoard, do not hold tight,

They dwell in the flame, not in its light.

They know that to die each moment deep

Is the only way to truly sleep.

And in that sleep, no dreams arise—  
Only the truth that never dies.

So let the mind be still and wide,  
With no ambition left to guide.  
Then life, in all its mystery,  
Will care for you, and set you free.  
Not by promise, not by plan—  
But simply through the end of “man.”

## Poem – 8

### The Temple of Illusion

They built their gods with trembling hands,  
Stone and story, fear and fire—  
And called it Truth.

But Truth is not in temples,  
Nor in the echo of ancient words  
That bind the living to the dead.

They speak of salvation,  
Yet sow division.  
They offer paradise,  
Yet feed the mind with fear.

They call it sacred—  
This machinery of belief,  
This cage of doctrine  
Where the soul withers  
In the name of comfort.

Organized belief is not the flame,  
But the smoke that chokes it.

It offers a guide,  
But blinds the eye that sees.  
It offers peace,  
But deepens conflict.  
It offers love,  
But breeds conformity and control.

In books they bind the Infinite,  
In rituals they worship the known—  
Yet the Unknown cannot be named,  
And the Known is but memory,  
Dust from yesterday's mind.

They ask for faith,  
Not understanding.  
They demand obedience,  
Not awakening.  
They glorify suffering,  
Yet never end it.

True religion has no priests,  
No saviours, no sacred robes.  
It begins in silence—

Not the silence of suppression,  
But the stillness beyond thought.

It is not found in belief,  
But in perception.  
Not in tradition,  
But in freedom.  
It does not speak of a distant heaven,  
But lives in the awareness of Now.

The holy cannot be organized—  
To organize it is to kill it.  
And where there is authority in the name of the sacred,  
There lies corruption.

Let the mind be free,  
Unburdened by scripture,  
Unchained from past illusions.  
For only in freedom,  
Can the divine be known—  
Not as an idea,  
But as the living flame  
Of compassionate intelligence.



## Poem – 9

### The Shadow of the Image

Why is sex a problem?  
Not in the body—  
But in the mind that remembers,  
Desires, and dreams.

In that fleeting act,  
The ‘me’ disappears—  
No fear, no past,  
Only presence,  
Only the pulse of now.

And because that moment is rare,  
The mind clings.  
Thought paints it in gold,  
Frames it in fantasy,  
Hungers for the echo,  
Not the act.

It is not sex that binds—  
But the thought of sex,

The memory,  
The projection,  
The image that outlives the moment.

Thought makes it holy or shameful,  
Beautiful or base.  
It is thought that decorates desire  
And turns a natural rhythm  
Into a labyrinth of craving.

Can the mind be still—  
So still it does not carry the image  
Of man or woman,  
Of beauty, of possession,  
Of the need to be fulfilled through another?

Strip away thought,  
And the body is just the body—  
Functional, impersonal,  
As the wing of a bird,  
The root of a tree,  
The cell of a star.

The surgeon sees the stripped-down body -  
Not as desire, not as sin,  
But as structure to be cared for,  
to keep it flowing in quiet order,  
a vessel of life –not of longing.

To be free is not to deny—  
But to see,  
To observe the movement of thought  
Without choice, without condemnation.

Where there is clarity,  
There is no bondage.  
And when the ‘me’ is absent,  
There is love—  
Not the love of longing,  
But the love that is,  
Timeless,  
Whole,  
Silent.

Only in this silence  
Does the sacred flower.

Not in suppression,  
Not in escape,  
But in pure attention.

Then,  
Sex is no longer a problem.  
It is what it is—  
No more, no less.  
And love, unburdened by thought,  
Moves freely in its place.

### III. Flame of Awareness

#### Poem – 1

##### The Seeing Without Thought

We are always thinking about ourselves—

“I am progressing,”

“I was better yesterday,”

“I carry these problems.”

A constant story,

A running commentary,

Endless echoes of “me.”

But observing oneself—

That is entirely different.

It is not a movement of thought,

Not the continuation of memory.

To observe is to look

Without a single word,

Without naming,

Without the mind saying,

“This is right, this is wrong.”

Can you see

Without the network of thoughts

Interfering?

To look at yourself—

At a thought, a feeling, a fear—

Without saying, “This is mine,”

Without seeking to change it,

Just to see it,

As you would see the sky

Or a bird in flight.

This requires silence—

Not the silence of withdrawal,

But the silence of attention.

A freshness of mind,

A mind not burdened by the known.

Can you look at a tree,

A face, a pain,

As if you are seeing it

For the very first time?  
Not through the veil of memory,  
Not through the filter of past hurt,  
But with all your senses awake,  
Alive, present.

Such seeing is awareness—  
A seeing that holds nothing,  
Chooses nothing,  
Resists nothing.

In that seeing,  
There is no observer,  
No division between the one who sees  
And what is seen.

Only awareness remains—  
Clear, whole, quiet.  
And from that silence,  
A new life begins.

Not built on becoming,

But on being.

Not born of effort,

But of stillness.

Not seeking truth,

But seeing it.



## Poem – 2

### *The Flame That Watches Without a Name*

There is a stillness beyond the clock,  
Where moments do not rise or fall.  
No past to carry, no future to reach—  
Only the clear, unbroken call.  
It is not a place, not a thought,  
But the space where all is not.

Awareness is not of “this” or “that,”  
Not a choice, not a path well-trod.  
It watches without direction,  
Without a self, without a god.  
It holds the sky, the leaf, the cry—  
And lets each vanish without why.

To know is to divide the whole,  
To name is to betray the flame.  
But this flame burns without centre,  
Without memory, without aim.  
It is not yours to claim or keep—

It is the eye that does not sleep.  
In this seeing, there is no seer.  
In this knowing, no knower stands.  
Only a light that touches all  
But leaves no shadow where it lands.  
The mind, once quiet, meets the vast—  
And time dissolves into the past.

This is not meditation as effort,  
Not a method, nor belief to feed.  
It is the end of all becoming—  
The dying of the inward need.  
Where thought no longer sets the frame,  
There shines awareness, free of name.

Here, there is no centre, no circumference—  
No start, no end, no edge, no core.  
Just the living fact of what is—  
And the silence behind the door.  
The timeless watches, unmoved, aware—  
A flame, a space, a breath, a prayer.

## Poem – 3

### *Where Sorrow Ends and Silence Begins*

In timeless awareness, the mind is still,  
Not forced by effort, nor bound by will.  
It holds no past, no future scheme—  
It is not caught in any dream.  
It moves with life, yet does not cling—  
It is the sky, not the wing.

Here, sorrow has no root or rise,  
No tear, no wound behind the eyes.  
For sorrow lives in time's domain—  
In memory, hope, and imagined pain.  
But where time ends, sorrow fades—  
Like mist that lifts when sunlight invades.

In this vastness, there is no hate,  
No image to protect or state.  
For hate is born where self divides,  
Where thought defends and fear resides.  
But when the centre is no more,

There is no wall, no inner war.  
Violence begins in thought's disguise—  
In words like “mine” or “they” or “wise.”  
It hides in creeds, in flags, in race—  
And strikes behind a holy face.  
But in awareness, pure and wide,  
There is no cause, no side, no pride.

War is thought projected out—  
A cry of power, a mask of doubt.  
It marches with the “noble cause,”  
But leaves the world in deeper flaws.  
Where thought is quiet, wars will cease—  
Not through treaties, but through peace.

In timeless awareness, all is one—  
Not owned, not measured, not undone.  
The tree, the star, the passerby—  
All breathe within the silent sky.  
And in that seeing, vast and whole,  
Is love—untouched by self or goal.

This is not a dream, not a belief,  
Not an escape from worldly grief.  
It is the real, the sacred flame—  
That burns without a word or name.  
Where the mind is free from time's caress,  
There is no sorrow—only wholeness.

## Poem – 4

### Stillness that cannot be known

In the stillness where thought has no ground,  
Where the past does not whisper, nor the future pull,  
There blooms a silence—vast, without centre—  
Free from the weight of naming,  
Free from the burden of knowing.

Choiceless, the watcher walks—  
Not towards, not away, but simply is,  
Without motive, without measure,  
Beyond the grip of fear and reward,  
Beyond the trembling invention of gods.

The self dissolves  
Not by will, nor through the path of noble thought—  
For thought is the builder of illusion,  
And even its highest towers  
Are cast from the clay of sorrow.

Meditation is not a craft of the thinker—

It is the ending of the thinker.

No one meditates.

There is only a silence

Unshaped by desire,

Unstirred by memory,

Unafraid of not becoming.

Stillness that cannot be known

Is the stillness that is.

And in that emptiness,

Love is born—

Not yours, not mine—

But love without a centre.

This freedom is not pleasure,

Not lawless abandon,

Not the satisfaction of want—

But the freedom of not wanting.

It is the death of yesterday

In the light of this moment.

And from this ending,  
From this sacred nothing,  
A flame burns—  
Without residue,  
Without shadow—  
Bright with the unnameable beauty  
Of truth.



## Poem – 5

### In Timeless Awareness, Life Blossoms

In timeless awareness, life is whole—

Not broken into task or goal.

There is no seeker, no pursued—

Only a flame in quietude.

And in that flame, all things align—

The work, the word, the root, the sign.

The world may call it detachment, loss—

But this selflessness bears no cross.

It is not an escape from toil or time,

But the end of all inward climb.

You live and move without the “me”—

And in that, love flows endlessly.

Where the self is not, work is clear—

No craving voice, no hidden fear.

You build, you heal, you sow, you teach—

Not for reward, nor for the reach.

Each act becomes the very flower  
Of beauty, order, and quiet power.

This is not retreat from strife—  
But the sacred movement of full life.  
Not isolated from the world,  
But inwardly free, with wings unfurled.  
You walk among, yet stand apart—  
Not through will, but silent heart.

Compassion breathes in all you do,  
Not measured, planned, or thought through.  
It is intelligence that sees the whole,  
And acts without a fractured goal.  
It does not serve the name or clan—  
But cares for every child of man.

In timeless stillness, time moves right—  
Not rushed, not heavy, but full of light.  
You speak, you shape, you think, you write—  
Yet leave no shadow in the night.

The ego gone, the noise grown dim—  
Life flows from its sacred brim.

And this, dear friend, is true progress—  
Not of power, not of excess.  
But a world where minds are free to see,  
And hearts are strong in clarity.  
No conflict born of self-concern—  
Just flame that lights and does not burn.

## Poem – 6

### The Flame of the eternal now

The past is memory—  
a shadow that whispers  
what was, what could have been.

The future is thought—  
a projection, a dream,  
woven by desire and fear.

But life is neither there nor ahead—  
it is here.

In the rustle of leaves,  
in the breath between words,  
in the stillness before thought arises.

To live in the present  
is not to resist the past  
or avoid the future—  
but to see them as they are:  
movements of thought,  
not of life.

The now is not a moment in time—  
it is the flame of being  
that burns without beginning or end.  
It holds no regret,  
no hope,  
only clarity.

In that clarity, there is freedom.  
Freedom from becoming,  
from comparing,  
from carrying the burden of “what was”  
and the anxiety of “what may be.”

Living in the present  
is the highest art—  
where action is pure,  
relationship is whole,  
and love is not bound by time.

It is in the now  
that the mind is quiet,  
and in that stillness—  
truth reveals itself.

## Poem – 7

### In the Mirror of “What Is”

To observe  
Without naming,  
Without judging,  
Without comparing—  
This is the beginning  
Of choiceless awareness.

Not to choose what to see,  
Nor to turn away—  
But to look,  
To look wholly,  
With eyes unclouded  
By the past.

The leaf falls,  
A thought arises,  
A shadow of sorrow moves—  
And the mind observes,  
Not as an outsider,

But as the movement itself.  
There is no observer then,  
No centre watching the world—  
Only seeing,  
Only presence.

Choiceless awareness  
Is not indifference.  
It is not detachment  
Born of control or effort.

It is the silence  
That watches the storm  
Without trying to stop it.

It is the stillness  
That holds both joy and fear  
Without clinging to either.

In this awareness,  
There is no “should” or “must,”

No division between  
The thinker and the thought.

All that arises  
Is seen as it is—  
And in that pure seeing,  
There is transformation.

For truth needs no choice—  
It simply is,  
When the noise of preference  
Falls away.

And when you live in this seeing—  
In this light without direction—  
Life becomes simple,  
Unburdened,  
Alive.

The self fades,  
Like mist in morning light.  
And what remains  
Is freedom.



## IV. Ending the Known

### Poem – 1

#### Death

##### *The Ending That Is the Beginning*

We fear what we do not see,  
The end of all we claim to be.  
Death—the stranger none invite,  
Yet always walks just out of sight.  
But death is not the foe we name,  
It is life's fire, not its flame.

To die is not to disappear,  
But to meet each moment without fear.  
Not just the body's final breath,  
But the inward ending—that is death.  
The end of memory, pride, and pain—  
And with that ending, life again.

We carry sorrow, dreams, and name,  
And live each day much like the same.  
But death invites a different way—

To live as if there is no “they.”  
No yesterday to hold us down,  
No image left to wear as crown.

Death is not something far away—  
It lives in each passing day.  
It is the ending of the known,  
The falling away of all we’ve grown.  
To die each moment is to live—  
With nothing left to take or give.

You meet death not in old age,  
But when you step beyond your cage.  
The cage of thought, of time and self,  
Of clinging to identity and wealth.  
To die to “me” is not despair—  
It is to breathe the open air.

The man who knows how to truly die,  
Carries no burden, speaks no lie.  
He lives each day in freedom’s light,  
Unbound by wrong, untouched by right.

And in that dying, love is born—  
Fresh as dew, and free from scorn.  
So do not wait for death to come,  
Live now as though the self is done.  
Let each attachment fall away,  
And see what shines in the empty day.  
Where death is welcome, life is whole—  
And silence cradles the unbroken soul.

## Poem – 2

### Freedom

*Not a Choice, But the End of the Chooser*

Freedom is not to do as you please,  
Nor the movement between chains and keys.  
It is not rebellion wrapped in thought,  
Nor the escape that time has bought.  
True freedom is not of will—  
It comes when the self is still.

You may change your gods, your flags, your name,  
Yet the inward bondage stays the same.  
For as long as the “me” survives,  
It shapes its prison, and then it strives.  
To become this, to flee from that—  
Freedom ends where becoming’s at.

Freedom is not found in choice,  
But in the silence beyond voice.  
The chooser is the past in play—  
A ghost who walks each night and day.

Where the observer ceases to be,  
There lies the ground of being free.

Not freedom from, not freedom to—  
But freedom with what is true.  
It is not gained, not fought, not sought,  
Not wrapped in any sacred thought.  
It dawns when desire is understood,  
When fear no longer hides as good.

To see without motive, without aim,  
To watch without judgment, praise, or blame—  
This is the flame of inward light,  
That burns away the wrong and right.  
For freedom is not in the known—  
It breathes in seeing, pure and alone.

It is not in the mind that seeks control,  
But in the mind that has no goal.  
In dying each moment to what has been,  
There is a joy that has no “when.”  
It is the end of time-bound strife—  
The beginning of unmeasured life.

## Poem – 3

### Ending of Conflict

Conflict is not just in war,  
Not only in borders,  
Armies, or flags.  
It lives quietly—  
In the heart,  
In the home,  
In the thoughts that divide.

It begins when the “me” takes form,  
When desire says,  
“I must become,”  
“I must achieve,”  
“I must protect what is mine.”

Where there is comparison,  
There is fear.  
Where there is ambition,  
There is division.  
And where there is division,

There must be conflict.  
We struggle to become  
What we are not—  
To escape what is,  
To reach what should be.  
And in this endless becoming,  
We create sorrow.

We blame others,  
Systems, destiny—  
But the seed of conflict  
Is in the mind  
That separates the observer  
From the observed.

Can you watch anger,  
Not as your anger,  
But simply as anger—  
Without resisting,  
Without controlling,  
Without escaping?

To look without choice,  
Without movement of the past—  
That is the ending of conflict.

For conflict cannot end through thought,  
Which is itself the source of division.  
It ends when thought sees its limits—  
And falls silent.

In that silence,  
There is no effort,  
No resistance,  
No becoming.  
There is only what is—  
And the understanding of it.

Where understanding is,  
Conflict ends.  
And in its place,  
There is peace—  
Not manufactured,  
But born of clarity.



Such peace is not the opposite of conflict.

It is not created by will.

It is the natural state

When the self is not.

And in that state,

Life moves without friction,

Like a river flowing

Through open space.

## Poem – 4

### No Fear of Tomorrow

*Freedom from Psychological Time*

I am never afraid  
Of what happens tomorrow—  
For tomorrow is thought,  
A shadow cast  
By the mind's projection.

Fear is born  
In the space between now and then,  
In the imagined fall,  
The anticipated sorrow,  
The story the mind weaves  
In the dark.

But what is,  
Is never frightening—  
Only what might be,  
Only what should not be,  
Only what I want to preserve.

When the mind sees clearly  
That time is thought—  
And thought is memory  
Dressed in hope or dread—  
There is silence.

In that silence,  
There is no becoming.  
There is no past to protect,  
No future to secure.

Life flows—not planned,  
Not predicted—  
But as a song unfolding  
Note by note.

To live without fear of tomorrow  
Is to live without the burden  
Of the “me” and its story.

Then the heart is open,  
The eyes see freshly,  
And action is whole.  
Not shaped by anxiety,  
Not driven by reward,  
But arising from presence—  
Complete in itself.

And when the moment is enough,  
When now is seen in its fullness,  
Tomorrow ceases to matter.

For in the light of attention,  
There is no fear—  
Only clarity,  
Only freedom,  
Only love.

## Poem – 5

### The ache of loneliness

In the hush of night,  
When the noise of doing fades,  
And the masks of the day dissolve—  
There it waits.  
A presence,  
Not of another,  
But of absence itself.

Loneliness—  
Not merely being alone,  
But the ache of the “me”  
Cut off from the whole,  
Walled in by thought,  
Trapped in the mirror of its own making.

You feel it in the crowd,  
Among friends, in love,  
In ritual, in success,  
In devotion to an image—  
The emptiness does not leave.

It only hides.  
And we flee—  
Into books, into belief,  
Into work and pleasure,  
Into the arms of another—  
Yet it follows,  
Like a silent echo of what we are.

The mind, craving to be filled,  
Invents gods,  
Builds identities,  
Names the void—  
And in naming,  
It strengthens the very thing it fears.

But can you look at it—  
Not to solve, not to escape,  
Not to make it spiritual or noble—  
But simply to be with it?  
To sit beside loneliness  
As one would sit beside a flame?

When there is no resistance,  
No movement of thought,  
No judgment of “good” or “bad,”  
The void reveals its true face.

Then the observer—the one who suffers—  
Melts into the observed.  
There is no division,  
No self,  
Only stillness.

And in that stillness,  
Loneliness is not sorrow,  
But sacredness—  
Not something to fix,  
But something to understand.

It is not lack,  
But space—  
Vast, boundless, alive.

In the heart of emptiness,  
There is freedom.  
And from that freedom,  
Compassion flowers,  
Not from desire,  
But from the silence  
Where the “me” is not.



## Poem – 6

**Why End your life for a thought –made illusion that is  
not you**

*A Poem for Those in Despair*

Why do you want to end your life  
Because a number was low,  
A business collapsed,  
A person walked away?

Is your worth measured by success?  
Is love the possession of another?  
Is life a race that ends in failure  
When you stumble once?

You are not your result.  
You are not your story.  
You are not the name they praise—  
Or forget.

The pain you feel is real—  
But what causes it?

Not the loss itself,  
But the thought that whispers:  
“I have failed.”  
“I am nothing now.”  
“No one wants me.”  
“I am not enough.”

These are not facts.  
These are thoughts—  
And thoughts are fragments,  
Old echoes  
Playing in a conditioned mind.

You are not a thought.  
You are the stillness  
That sees the thought.

In that seeing,  
There is no despair,  
Because the “me” who wanted success,  
Who feared rejection,  
Who clung to hope—

Is seen for what it is:  
An illusion created by memory.

Why end your life  
For a thought that is not you?  
Why vanish for a pain  
That is only the shadow of a passing storm?

When you see clearly,  
You don't escape life—  
You begin it anew.  
Not by becoming something,  
But by being  
With what is,  
Completely in timeless awareness.

Even in loss,  
You are not broken.  
Only the image is.  
And when the image falls away,  
What remains is truth,  
Silence,  
Freedom.

Let sorrow speak—  
Don't run from it.  
Let the failure burn through the lie  
That you must become something  
To be loved.

You are life itself—  
Not its outcome.

So, stay.  
Not for hope.  
Not for some distant tomorrow.  
But to look—  
To look with eyes free of fear,  
And to meet life again,  
Without the burden of who you think you are.

Then there is no suicide,  
No escape,  
No end—  
Only the beginning  
Of true living.

## V. The Art of Living

### Poem – 1

#### The Art of Learning

##### *On Learning Beyond Accumulation*

As a child, they told me,  
“Learn to remember—  
Forgetting will leave you behind.”  
So, I remembered,  
Names, rules, dates, praise,  
And the image they built for me  
To carry through life.

Now they say,  
“Learn to forget—  
Let go, move on, die to your past.”  
And I wonder,  
Was learning ever remembering?

Real learning is not in the past.  
It is not the echo of yesterday’s thought,  
Not the shadow of comparison,

Not the pursuit of becoming.  
To compare is to compete,  
To compete is to fear,  
And where fear is,  
Learning withers.

Learning is not achievement—  
It is attention.  
A flame that burns now,  
Not a candle preserved from before.

The mind that accumulates  
Moves from a centre,  
And that centre is static,  
Repeating itself in new forms.

But to learn  
Is to be empty of what was—  
To look again, freshly,  
Without the dust of memory.

To look at a tree,  
And not call it “tree,”  
To feel the wind,  
And not say “yesterday it was stronger,”  
Is to truly see.  
To learn,  
There must be no image.  
No image of yourself,  
No image of the other.

If I say, “I am noble but failed,”  
I live in contradiction—  
An idea battling fact.  
And where there is a battle,  
There is no learning,  
Only conflict.

Can you see yourself—  
Not through the mirror of opinion,  
But as you are, now?  
In that seeing,  
There is neither approval nor judgment,  
Only clarity.

To learn is to die—  
To die each moment  
To what you knew before.  
Then each act is new,  
Each word, each step, each glance.

Learning is not stored—  
It is lived.  
It moves like the wind—  
Graceful, unpredictable,  
Ungraspable.

In silence,  
Without motive,  
Without memory clouding the mind,  
Learning flowers  
Like a tree touched by light  
For the very first time.



## Poem – 2

### The Art of Listening

#### *On Listening Beyond Thought*

How do you listen?  
With the noise of the past?  
With the clamour of fear and desire,  
Of memory and motive?

Do you listen to understand—  
Or merely to reply?

Most listen  
Not to the world,  
But to the echo of themselves.  
They hear only  
What soothes,  
What confirms,  
What flatters their longing.

But to truly listen—  
Is to forget yourself.

To listen without the screen  
Of knowledge,  
Of belief,  
Of identity—  
Is to meet the word  
As if for the first time.

Can you hear the bird  
Without calling it “bird”?  
Can you hear the sea  
Without remembering a poem?  
Can you hear another human being  
Without judging,  
Without comparing,  
Without the weight  
Of your own conclusion?

Listening is not agreement,  
Nor is it denial.  
It is attention—  
A flame that neither accepts  
Nor resists.

To listen is not to argue.

To listen is to be still.

In that stillness,

There is space—

A pause between word and reaction.

And in that pause,

Understanding blooms,

Not from thought,

But from silence.

This silence is not emptiness—

It is full of presence.

It holds the other,

Not to fix or change,

But to see.

Do you know what it is

To listen with love?

Not sentiment,

Not softness of speech,  
But the sharp, clear presence

Of care—  
Attention that is whole.

When you listen this way,  
There is no division,  
No listener and the listened.  
There is only listening—  
Pure, immediate, alive.

In such listening,  
Truth speaks.  
Not loudly,  
But as a whisper  
That the noisy mind  
Will never hear.

## Poem – 3

### Psychological Revolution

Not out there—  
Not in banners, ballots, or blood—  
But within,  
Where the mind hides behind masks,  
The true revolution must begin.

Not with the knife,  
Not with the hammer,  
But with the light of insight  
That sees thought as it is—  
Old, repetitive, fragmented, afraid.

The world is what you are.  
Your anger, your fear,  
Your sorrow—  
They spill into the world  
And shape its cruelty.

You seek to change the outer,  
But carry the same seed within—  
The seed of “me,”  
Of becoming,  
Of comparison and division.  
Psychological revolution  
Is not an ideal,  
Not a future goal.  
It is the ending of the “me”  
Now.

It is to see—  
Without motive,  
Without judgment—  
The machinery of thought,  
The tricks of time,  
The illusions of self.

To look at sorrow without escape,  
To meet fear without resistance,  
To be with loneliness without naming it—  
This is the beginning

Of a mind in revolution.

It is not a matter of effort—  
For effort springs from desire.

It is a matter of seeing—  
So clearly

That the false drops away  
Like a dry leaf in autumn.

In that seeing,  
There is silence.  
Not the silence of control,  
But the silence of understanding,  
Where the “me” has no place to hide.

And from that silence  
Comes a new movement—  
Not born of thought,  
But of intelligence,

Of love,  
Of an action that does not divide.

This is the revolution  
That renews the world.  
Not through systems,

Not through leaders,  
But through the flame  
That burns quietly  
In the heart of a human being  
Who is free.



## Poem – 4

### Right Education

Education, they say,  
Is the path to success—  
To status,  
To security,  
To the crowded race of becoming.

But is that learning—  
Or merely conditioning?

Right education is not  
The filling of the mind with facts,  
The shaping of thought to fit a mold,  
The training to conform,  
To obey,  
To repeat.  
True learning begins  
When the mind is free—  
Free to question,

Free to doubt,

Free to see.

The purpose of right education

Is not to produce the clever,

The competitive,

The ambitious—

But to awaken intelligence,

To nourish the wholeness of being.

It is to help the child

See the world as it is—

Not through books alone,

But through silence,

Through attention,

Through relationship.

To learn the language of trees,

The stillness of a sunset,

The sorrow behind a smile—

And to meet all things  
With sensitivity and care.

Right education  
Does not separate the student  
From life.  
It teaches not merely how to earn,  
But how to live—  
Without conflict,  
Without fear,  
Without becoming a tool  
In the machinery of disorder.

It is not the cultivation of memory,  
But the flowering of perception.  
Not the pursuit of marks,  
But the awakening of the heart.

In such education,  
Discipline is not imposed—  
It arises naturally  
From seeing what is true.

And from this clarity,  
A new mind is born—  
Not a mind burdened by comparison,  
But a mind that stands alone,  
Quietly alert,  
Deeply alive.

Then the student is not made to fit society,  
But to transform it—  
Not through rebellion,  
But through understanding.

This is the flame  
Of right education—  
Not the sharpening of thought,  
But the dissolving of illusion,  
And the birth  
Of compassionate intelligence.

## Poem – 5

### The Inheritance of Shadows

They pass it down—  
Not love, not clarity,  
But names and lands,  
Beliefs and brands,  
A mirror of the past etched in fear.

Inheritance—  
A golden chain,  
Gleaming with pride,  
Yet forged in bondage.

The house, the title, the ancient creed—  
Whispers of what was,  
Imposed upon what is,  
Blinding the eye to what could be.

The child—pure flame—  
Is taught to burn within a lantern,

Shaped by hands of yesteryear,  
Dimmed by duty, dulled by comparison.  
But freedom is not a gift,  
Wrapped in wealth or parental favour.  
It is a flame that must be unbound,  
Untouched by memory,  
Unafraid of standing alone.

To see that inheritance—  
Be it thought or gold—  
Is a subtle violence,  
A quiet killing of the new,  
Is to awaken intelligence.

And in that seeing,  
Discipline flowers—not through control,  
But from the stillness of understanding.  
A clarity that needs no reward,  
A love that asks for nothing.

Let the child grow, not as a branch  
Bent by the gardener's will,

But as a tree rooted in the silence of the sky—  
Self-sufficient, whole,  
Belonging to no one, yet to all.

## Poem – 6

### On world peace

*The ending of the “self” is the beginning of peace*

You speak of peace—

In conferences, in books,

In treaties signed with trembling hands.

But the world burns still.

Why?

Because the war is not out there—

It is within.

In your ambition,

Your desire to succeed,

To possess,

To become—

The seeds of conflict are sown.

As long as there is “my country,”

“My religion,”

“My truth,”



There will be blood.  
Peace is not the interval  
Between two wars.  
It is not an agreement  
Drafted by divided minds.

Peace is not a hope,  
Not an ideal—  
It is a fact  
Only when the self ends.

As long as the “me”  
Stands at the centre—  
Wanting, fearing, comparing—  
There can be no peace.

The mind that is violent  
Cannot create a world without violence.

So, begin not with the world,  
But with yourself.  
Not tomorrow,

Not through time—

But now.

See how you live in division—

Between what is and what should be,

Between you and the other.

And in that seeing,

Without analysis,

Without effort,

Let it end.

Let thought come to rest.

Let the noise of becoming

Fall into silence.

In that silence,

The sacred is.

And where the sacred is,

There is love.

Not personal,

Not conditional—

But a vast compassion  
That holds all life.

From that,  
Peace is born—  
Not as a goal,  
But as a natural fragrance  
Of a mind  
That is whole.

## Poem – 7

### The Flame Behind the Act

When you work—

is it a flame of love that moves your hand,  
or the smoke of ambition that clouds your heart?

Do you paint, teach, heal, build—

not for gold or praise,  
but because it is your nature  
to give, to create, to care?

Is your action born from silence,  
or from the noise of a mind seeking reward,  
seeking escape,  
afraid to lose, afraid to fall?

The moment you work for “becoming,”  
you are already lost—  
for then, the sacredness of the act  
is sullied by fear or gain.

But when there is no “me” in the doing,  
no shadow of comparison or duty,  
then the work is whole,  
then the work is love.

To act without motive,  
to serve without seeking,  
to create from the stillness of being—  
this is the flowering of intelligence.

Let your work be a mirror  
in which you see yourself—  
not your image,  
but your being,  
awake, free, and whole.

## POEM – 8

### *To Live Anonymously*

To live without a name,  
without the weight of becoming,  
without the constant ache to be seen—  
is that not the rarest freedom?

To walk gently through this noisy world,  
unburdened by the thirst for recognition,  
unmarked by titles,  
untouched by applause—  
is to move like the wind through the trees,  
with grace, without leaving a trace.

They told you to strive, to ascend,  
to compete, to compare, to conquer—  
but where there is conquest,  
there is conflict.  
And where there is conflict,  
love cannot be.

To live anonymously  
is to dissolve the “me”  
that shouts from every ambition,  
that hides in every achievement,  
that whispers in every fear  
of being nothing.

In anonymity,  
you are not less—  
you are whole.  
You are not lost—  
you are free.  
Not striving,  
but seeing.  
Not becoming,  
but being.

To live like the river,  
flowing in silence,  
quenching the earth without seeking thanks.  
To live like the sky,  
vast, open,  
giving space to all that moves beneath.

To live anonymously  
is to know love—  
that has no opposite,  
that seeks nothing,  
and in seeking nothing,  
is everything.



## VI. The Silence Beyond Thought

### Poem – 1

#### Silence

*The Ground of All Seeing*

Silence is not the absence of sound,  
Nor the still air that hangs around.  
It is not the hush of a prayerful place,  
Nor the solemn face in sacred space.  
True silence is not of the ear—  
It is the end of becoming, the death of fear.

It is not born of discipline or force,  
Nor carved by any chosen course.  
It comes unasked, when thought grows still,  
Not by command, nor act of will.  
It is the space where mind lets go—  
And no longer needs to grasp or know.

Silence is not retreat or pause,  
But the ending of all mental cause.  
No motive stirs it, no path defines,

It is not bound by words or signs.  
It is the soil where insight blooms,  
Beyond the self, beyond its rooms.

In silence, there is no centre held,  
No past remembered, no future spelled.  
It is the absence of the “me” and “mine,”  
Where the known does not confine.  
Here, awareness flows without control—  
No thinker left to shape the whole.

This silence is the heart of life,  
Untouched by sorrow, free from strife.  
It sees without choice, acts without plan,  
It is not yours, it is not man.  
In it, the mind is vast and wide—  
Like open sky, with nothing to hide.

When silence reigns, love is near,  
Not sentiment, but vision clear.  
It holds no opposite, no end—  
It does not need to break or bend.  
It simply is—pure and immense,  
The flame that burns without incense.

## Poem – 2

### The Uninvited Silence

Imagination has no seat in stillness—  
It breeds the dreamer and his sorrow.  
To crave experience is to light the flame  
Of illusion,  
And call its smoke divine.

The mind must be clear,  
Without movement,  
Without seeking.  
Only then does the eternal whisper  
In the vast quietness of being.

You may own the glitter of the world—  
The latest machine, the sharpest name—  
But if you know not  
The joy of stillness,  
You know not life.

Not by resolve does meditation arise—  
Not by the will to sit in silence,  
Nor through systems, methods,  
Or sacred routines.  
It comes like a breeze  
When the window is wide open,  
And the house is empty.

Meditation is the end of thought,  
The death of belief,  
The vanishing of symbols and memory.  
It is the stillness untouched by the word,  
Where action flows from silence  
And not from motive.

See the pettiness of mind—  
In all its reaching,  
Even for the highest.  
See it wholly and do nothing—  
Then the mind is quiet.  
Not made quiet—  
But it is quiet.

Begin there.

Meditation begins  
When greed ends,  
When envy dries,  
When the thirst for power  
Loses its sting.  
In that ending,  
Something vast begins.

You cannot summon it.  
You cannot say, “I meditate.”  
It will not come to your waiting.  
It will not rest in your prayers.  
Its benediction flows  
Only where the “me”  
Is absent like the windless sky.

And even then,  
You cannot hold it.  
Try to contain it—  
It vanishes.

Name it—

It is lost.

Its beauty is not yours.

Its bliss is not for continuity.

You are not the centre

Of its flowering.

When you are nothing—

It is everything.

## Poem – 3

### True Meditation

#### *The Flame Without Method*

Meditation is not a path,  
Not a posture,  
Not a repetition of words.

It is not the breath counted,  
The body stilled by will,  
Nor the mind tethered  
To an image of peace.

True meditation is  
The ending of all seeking.  
A stillness not shaped by effort,  
A silence not born of control.

You cannot climb to it—  
For it is not a height.  
You cannot follow it—  
For it leaves no trail.

It begins  
Where the observer ends.  
Where thought sees itself  
And comes to rest  
Without force,  
Without motive.

To be aware  
Of each movement of thought,  
Each flicker of memory,  
Each stir of desire—  
Without resistance,  
Without choice—  
This is the beginning of meditation.

In that choiceless seeing,  
Time dissolves.  
There is no past,  
No future,  
Only the flame of what is.



And in that flame,  
The self—  
The centre that gathers,  
That compares,  
That clings—  
Is not.

Then the mind is not empty  
Like a vessel waiting to be filled,  
But empty of all becoming—  
And therefore full  
Of light.

From that light,  
Action is born—  
Pure,  
Unpremeditated,  
Whole.

This meditation  
Is not practiced in hours.  
It is the whole of life

Lived with complete attention.

In walking, in listening,

In sorrow, in silence—

Wherever awareness is,

There is meditation.

It is not escape,

But encounter.

Not retreat,

But revelation.

It is the sacred act

Of seeing life

Without the distortion of the self.

And from that seeing,

A new mind is born—

A mind that is still,

And in its stillness,

Immeasurable.

## Poem – 4

### When the Seeker Is Silent

God is not in temples carved by man,  
Nor in images shaped by thought and hand.  
No ritual chant, no sacred book  
Can hold the truth the sages sought.

The moment you speak of God—He is gone.  
The word is not the thing,  
The name is not the nameless.  
The known can never hold the unknowable.

To find what is true,  
Put aside all images, all beliefs,  
The craving to belong,  
The longing to be safe.

When fear has fled,  
When ambition has withered,  
When thought no longer seeks reward—  
Then begins the sacred.

In the stillness where the “me” dissolves,  
In the silence that is not made,  
There comes a light that asks for nothing—  
A flame without smoke,  
A love without a centre.

This is not to be imagined,  
Not to be attained or possessed.  
It is there when the mind is completely quiet,  
When the observer has vanished,  
When you do not seek.

The gods of man are but mirrors  
Of his own desire and despair.  
The true is not in the market of religion,  
Not in the noise of prayers,  
But in the deep, wordless seeing  
Of what is.

God is not separate, not beyond—  
He is when there is no division,  
When thought ceases to divide.

In that choiceless awareness  
Of life as it is,  
The sacred whispers itself.  
Not as a voice,  
Not as a vision,  
But as the essence of Being—  
Unmeasured, unknowable,  
And ever-present.

## VII. The Sacred Without Path

### Poem – 1

#### There Is Only Brahman

There is only one,  
Not two.  
Not the worshipper and the worshipped,  
Not the seeker and the sought.  
There is only Brahman—  
The immeasurable, the unknowable,  
The essence of all that is.

You are not a drop in the ocean,  
You are not the ocean either.  
You are the movement of the ocean itself,  
Timeless, indivisible, unbound.

But thought—this cunning fragment—  
Creates the mirage of the “me,”  
The illusion of the observer,  
And with it, the world of division.

It whispers:

You are separate.

You must search.

You must become.

And so, begins the journey that never ends—

A circle within the known,

A struggle within the shadow,

A prayer from the prison of the self.

No ritual, no mantra,

No temple, no guru,

Can lead to the Whole.

For what you seek

Is already what you are—

When there is no “you” to seek it.

In the sacred silence,

Where thought has come to its end,

Where the self does not cast its shadow,

The Real is.

Not as belief.  
Not as revelation.  
Not even as experience.  
But as the still flame  
Of unbroken being.

There, the sky is not separate from your breath,  
The tree is not other than your seeing,  
The bird's flight is your own freedom,  
The earth is not yours—  
You are the earth.

To live as Brahman  
Is not to declare "I am Brahman,"  
But to vanish,  
Like mist dissolving in the morning sun.

Then what remains  
Is not a person touched by God,  
But God, without a name,  
Without a centre,  
Without a second.



This is sacred.

This is sanity.

This is the flame of wholeness,

Lit in the emptiness of choiceless awareness.

## Poem – 2

### Beyond the Two Fields

*The Sacred Dimension is beyond the two fields*

I have walked through the fields of man—

The first,

Where blood is currency,

Where fear is a throne,

Where ambition sharpens the knife

Of nation, belief, and self.

And the second,

Where virtue is measured,

Where goodness is cultivated like a crop,

Where morality is a struggle,

An effort born of thought—

Still tethered to reward,

Still chained by time.

In both, I have lived.

In both, I have searched.

In both, I have found

Joy that withers,

Love that turns to sorrow,  
Peace disturbed by a whisper.  
I no longer reject them—  
For they are what they are:  
Necessary perhaps,  
But not the Whole.

Now, I stand where thought ends.  
Not in despair,  
But in understanding.  
The mind, weary of its own creations,  
Becomes still.

And in that stillness—  
A door opens.  
Not through will,  
Not through effort,  
But through the absence of becoming.

Beyond these two fields  
Lies a sacred space—  
Not made, not imagined,  
But real as the breath of the universe.

It holds no name,  
No centre,  
No path.  
It is not good,  
It is not evil—  
It simply is.

Here,  
The self is absent.  
Not suppressed,  
But dissolved in the light  
Of undivided seeing.

Here,  
Love does not belong to anyone.  
It moves as the wind moves—  
Without direction,  
Without purpose,  
Yet filling all things.

This is not a place of ecstasy,  
Nor of spiritual reward.

It is the end of time—  
And the beginning of life.

To live here  
Is to be nothing—  
And in that nothingness,  
Everything is.

## Poem – 3

### The God Beyond Thought

*The sacred that cannot be sought*

Not to Be Found, Only to Be Silent

They built Him in marble, in stories and song,  
Gave Him a face, a name, a throne.  
They carved their fears into His smile,  
And prayed to Him across each mile.  
But what they sought was not the true—  
It was the mirror of what they knew.

God is not in the temple stone,  
Nor in the chant, the priest, the bone.  
He is not held in sacred page,  
Nor bound by time, nor caught in age.  
The moment you say, “I know,”—He’s gone,  
For what is known cannot go on.

He is not yours, and not mine,  
Not in the ritual, the sacred sign.  
Not in belief, not in despair,

Not in the incense-clouded air.  
What thought has built, thought can destroy—  
And God is not a crafted toy.

The seeker dreams, the thinker weaves  
A god who gives, a god who grieves.  
But what is holy cannot be sought,  
For seeking comes from what is not.  
It is the self that yearns and cries—  
And in its shadow, illusion lies.

God is not an answer found—  
He is the silence, deep and sound.  
He is the stillness when thought ends,  
The breathless space where no self bends.  
No image leads, no mantra shows—  
He comes when all becoming goes.

The sacred is in the tree and star,  
Not separate, not hidden, not afar.  
It is in the now, the untouched flame,  
Without a scripture, without a name.

The holy dwells in the unmade—  
Where nothing clings and none are afraid.

To know Him is to never seek,  
To walk the earth humble and meek.  
To die each moment to the known,  
To live with love, with self outgrown.  
God is not light that blinds the eyes—  
But the open sky, where silence flies.



## Poem – 4

### Truth

#### *That Which Has No Path*

Truth is not what you believe,  
Nor something time or thought can weave.  
It is not a scripture bound in gold,  
Nor the echo of what has been told.  
It is not found in holy place,  
Nor in reason's well-worn face.

It is not yours, not mine to own—  
It cannot be taught, it stands alone.  
It has no teacher, no fixed word,  
It is the flame that can't be heard.  
When you pursue it, it hides away—  
It comes not through the chosen way.

The pathless is the home of truth,  
Beyond the cage of age and youth.  
No method leads, no master shows—  
It flowers only when seeking goes.

In the stillness that holds no name,  
Truth burns as a sacred flame.

It is not relative, nor fixed and firm—  
Not a doctrine, not a term.  
It has no opposite, no side—  
It cannot argue, it cannot divide.  
It is the fact, the what is now,  
Uncovered when you ask not how.

The man who says “I know the true,”  
Has left the truth and clung to view.  
The mind that clings cannot be clear—  
Its vision clouded by its fear.  
But when the self dissolves like mist,  
There truth stands—bare, not missed.

Truth is not a comfort sweet,  
It does not bow, it does not greet.  
It shatters all you thought you knew,  
And leaves behind the fresh, the new.  
It is the eye that sees the whole—  
Without a centre, without a goal.

To see the false as false is true—  
Not just in others, but within you.  
And in that seeing, truth arrives—  
Not through effort, not through lives.  
It is a light not cast by sun—  
And in its fire, the self is undone.

## VIII. Compassionate Intelligence

### Poem – 1

#### The Awakening of Intelligence

*Not of Thought, But of Clarity*

Intelligence is not the mind that knows,  
Nor the thought that measures as it goes.  
It is not memory finely trained,  
Nor knowledge carefully retained.  
It is not cleverness dressed as grace—  
It has no anchor, name, or face.

It awakens not through effort's strain,  
But in seeing clearly—without gain.  
It is born when the mind is still,  
When there is no chooser, no will.  
It comes when motive drops away—  
And silence listens without sway.

You cannot gather it from books,  
Nor find it in the scholar's looks.

It is not the product of the past,  
But a light too swift to ever last.  
It flashes where the false is seen,  
And leaves the heart washed, clear, and clean.  
Where conflict ends, it comes to flower—  
Not through system, faith, or power.  
It acts without a single cause,  
Without belief, without applause.  
It is not personal, not mine—  
It moves beyond the edge of time.

To see the whole in a single glance,  
Without division, fear, or chance—  
That is intelligence, awake and free,  
Flowing like wind through root and tree.  
It does not belong to thought or creed—  
It responds wholly, as the need.

It is compassion without a name,  
Love without image, without flame.  
It cares not because it should—  
But simply because it understood.

And in that understanding lies  
The end of sorrow, the end of lies.

So let the mind be quiet and clear,  
Not seeking far, not clutching near.  
Then, in the space where self is not,  
Intelligence awakes—untaught.  
Not yours, not mine—but ever near,  
A flame of truth, undimmed, sincere.

## Poem – 2

### On Love

*Beyond Desire, Beyond Self, Beyond attachments*

Love is not a word to be spoken,  
Nor a thought to be shaped and broken.  
It is not found in clinging hands,  
Nor in vows, nor wedding bands.  
It is not yours, and it is not mine—  
It blooms where there is no line.

Where the “me” is, love is not.  
For love is flame, and self is clot.  
To know love, the self must end—  
Not reformed, but not pretend.  
The “I” that longs to be secure  
Turns love to poison, never pure.

Love is not born of need or fear,  
Nor does it whisper, “Stay near.”  
It does not bind, it does not claim,  
It has no face, it needs no name.  
It flows when thought is still and bare,

Like open sky or mountain air.  
Desire wears love's mask, they say—  
But fades as night dissolves the day.  
Pleasure calls itself love's twin,  
But hides the shadow deep within.  
Love is not a mirror's face,  
It does not beg, it does not chase.

It does not suffer under time,  
Nor measure moments, loss, or crime.  
It has no past, no future shore—  
It is, and asks for nothing more.  
It holds no image, makes no choice—  
It is silence with a living voice.

You cannot come to love through thought,  
For love is never found or sought.  
It comes unbidden, clear and bright,  
A sudden flame, a nameless light.  
But only in a heart laid bare—  
Without a centre, without care.



Love is not attachment's thread,  
Not what is spoken, done, or said.  
It is not memory, not delight,  
Not the ache of absence in the night.  
It begins when wanting ends—  
Not lover, not beloved—only friends.

Where love is, power cannot be.  
Control and grasping cease to see.  
And where love walks, there walks no fear—  
For love is vast, and always near.  
Not personal, not held or bought—  
But present where the self is not.

## Poem – 3

### Compassion

#### *The Flame Born of Understanding*

Compassion is not sentiment or tear,  
Not born of pity, nor shaped by fear.  
It is not the duty of the kind,  
Nor the product of a cultured mind.  
It is not learned, nor passed by word—  
It arises where the self is not heard.

You cannot cultivate its fire,  
Nor reach it through desire.  
It blooms when sorrow is seen whole,  
Not avoided, not made a goal.  
To suffer with, not from afar—  
To touch the wound without the scar.

Where there is no division, it is near,  
Where the “me” dissolves, it becomes clear.  
It is not for one, nor for the few—  
It flows to all, not just to you.

It holds no flag, no border line,  
It moves beyond the “mine” and “thine.”

Compassion is not doing good,  
Not acting as you think you should.  
It has no rule, no set design—  
It acts because the heart is fine.  
Not moral code, not planned out thought,  
But love where separation is not.

To understand another’s pain  
Without seeking personal gain—  
To listen not with motive’s ear,  
But in stillness, simply hear.  
Then in that seeing, fresh and true,  
A light awakens—not from you.

That light is not of mind or creed,  
It answers not ambition’s need.  
It does not come to end your grief,  
Nor offer comfort, nor relief.  
It is the flame that simply burns—  
And in its warmth, the whole world turns.

# ECHOES OF AWARENESS

## — SERIES 1

In a world entangled in restlessness and distraction, ECHOES OF AWARENESS is a quiet call to return—to the clarity of observation, to the stillness untouched by thought.

These poems are not composed to entertain, but to awaken. Each verse is a mirror—reflecting the illusion of self, the burden of time, and the beauty of choiceless perception.

Inspired by the teachings of Jiddu Krishnamurti, this collection is an inquiry into the sacredness that exists beyond belief, beyond imagination, and beyond the known.

In the silent echo of awareness, there is freedom—not created by effort, but discovered in the ending of effort. To read is not merely to understand—but to see.